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commonweal

THE ISSUE OF LEADERSHIP

KING OF THE ROCK

James MacGregor Burns

VATICAN II — TEN YEARS LATER

'I PUT IT WRONG'

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'SLAVE TRADE' IN FRANCE
JONATHAN POWER

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YANOVSKY'S BRASS
ANNE FREMANTLE

GOING IT ALONE
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

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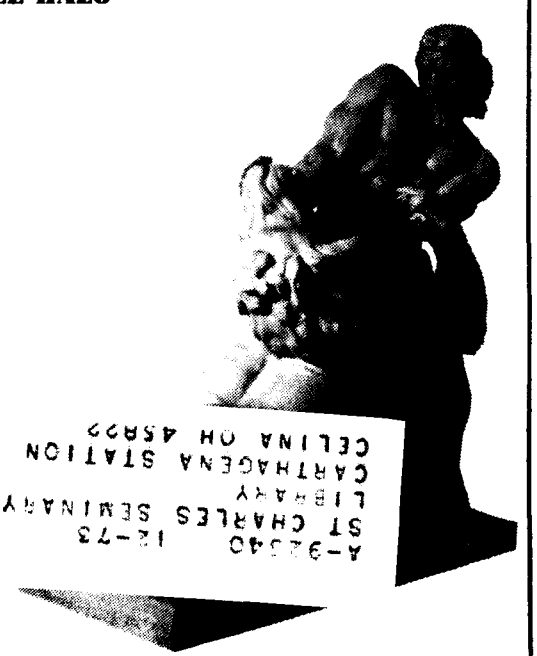

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NEWS & VIEWS

Callahan on Abortion

In the current *Christianity and Crisis* (which appeared almost simultaneously with the Supreme Court's ruling on abortion), Daniel Callahan writes that "the essence of the moral problem in abortion is the proper way in which to balance the rights of the unborn (who very early have heads, fingers, toes, receptivity to stimuli, recordable EEG's and, from the start, have a unique, independent and ineluctably forward-moving genetic constitution—no less than you and me) against the right of a woman not to have a child she does not want."

"I am willing—no, well prepared—to grant her that right under law," says Callahan. "I only ask," he adds, "that the society that grants this right be prepared to look with unblinking eyes at just what it is doing, not deceiving itself for one moment about even one aspect of what a granting of that right does."

Callahan, formerly of this magazine, now director of the Institute of Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences in Hastings, N. Y., and author of *Abortion: Law, Choice and Morality* (Macmillan), itemizes three sequels of an abortion-on-request milieu:

"The first result of having this right is, in practice, to nullify any and every social right one might be prepared in high ethical theory to grant to the unborn. Under permissive laws, any talk whatever of the 'sanctity of life' of the unborn becomes a legal fiction. By giving women the full and total right to determine whether such a sanctity exists, the fetus is, in fact, given no legal or socially established standing whatever. I have always sought a method of having it both ways, with the law somehow granting women full freedom of choice while at the same time affording respect and protection to fetuses. The law does not allow such pious double-think (though I will continue to entertain the idea); it forces a nasty either-or choice, devoid of a saving ethical ambiguity.

"A second result is to force those who have fought for abortion-on-request to purge themselves systematically of doubts and reservations, and to find ways (revision of language, 'counseling' designed to lull, evade and legitimate) of leading others to do likewise. This occurs for two reasons: (1) their opponents drive them to it by the accusatory extremeness of their hostility to abortion (usually combined with a glaring insensitivity to other important moral issues); and (2) they are themselves driven to it psychologically by the acutely impossible burden of any attempt to recognize both women and the unborn and to do justice to both. Something has to give, and it is usually earlier scruples and sensitivities about the unborn.

"The third result is, in the best *1984* tradition, a reconstruction of history. This is done by creating a highly-charged mythology of male repression, or religious persecution, or puritanical fanaticism (i.e., whichever cue serves best at the moment to induce popular frenzy). By turning the 'unwanted child' into the greatest known blight, history is further reconstructed into a Manichaean struggle between the wanted child (who can do no ill) and the unwanted (who can do nothing but); and, not incidentally, values are reconstructed by making the value of a potential human being dependent upon being wanted by its mother. My own reading of history would ask only (a footnote will do) that mention be made of the women coerced into abortions by males, the one or two unwanted children in the history of humankind who lived happy lives—that sort of thing."

Missions as Problem

Is there a possibility of an authentic African Christianity? Yes, writes Laennec Hurbon, a Haitian priest, in the new *Cross Currents*, but only if the missions break with the past which links them to a total colonial and neo-colonial system.

"There has never been neutrality or independence on the part of Christian missions in relation to the milieu from which they have come," notes Hurbon. "And it is useless to invoke their purely spiritual contributions. Paradoxically, it is in trying to conceal their political impact that they indicate it all the more clearly; they reflect 'white' power, and the pretension to superiority of the western world over other peoples."

For a change to occur, says Hurbon, the missionary must go through a kind of self-denial in regard to his own culture. At the other extreme, he must guard against a paternalistic attitude toward African cultures in aiming to protect them and help them develop. "Here again," he explains, "Christian missions are apt to serve the dominant ideology."

Hurbon does not offer a detailed corrective to the situation, except to say that not until the missions "come to an understanding of themselves in relation to a history of colonialization that is still going on" will they be able to find "a truthful approach."

It is in this context that he recommends that the missions break with their past. "Only a process of rupture," he concludes, "will justify the missions' existence."

Hucksteringing Arms

If consumer-style advertising works for Wrigley's and for Geritol, why not also for arms manufacturers? Ergo, the following hucksterisms culled from a 40-page report of the Council on Economic Priorities:

—"Defense is our name/ attack is our business" (Brunswick's Defense Products Division);

—"Suddenly; Night's cover is stripped away and the enemy becomes nakedly exposed" (LTV Electrosystems);

—"Some of our best friends are ICBMs" (Avco Missile Systems Division);

—"RAPIER. The low-altitude air defense that's right-on for the modern army" (Norden Division, United Aircraft).

The Council on Economic Priorities, a watchdog organization, notes that the ads appear in a small group of low-circulation trade journals circulated among influential readers, specifically "Pentagon officials and members of Congress."

Last year, the top 25 weapons' advertisers spent $223 million on ads in seven trade journals.

Odds and Ends

—At the Jan. 19 peace Mass at New York's Holy Family church featuring Dan Berrigan as preacher, YAF counterdemonstrators were approached by *Daily News* reporter Bill Reel re the location of their chapter. The betting was St. John's or Fordham. The answer was York and Adelphi..

—Apropos of colleges, novelist Norman Mailer told a correspondent for the Chicago newsletter *Overview* that if he had a son entering college now, "I'd send him to Notre Dame." "It's a great college," adds Mailer. "The great Catholic jock university of the past is now entering the present. The whole ferment of the '60s is taking place there now. What you get from the students is an interesting mix of a lively Catholicism and a lively agnosticism. I can use the word 'soul' there, and they don't necessarily snicker."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Forgiving Pound

Old Saybrook, Conn.

To the Editors: Current discussions of Ezra Pound like the one in the Dec. 8 issue of *Commonweal* indicate a radical misunderstanding of the behavior of individuals afflicted with psychotic symptoms. It is as irresponsible to speak of "forgiving" paranoid behavior as of forgiving a patient in the last weeks of terminal cancer for producing the offensive odor typically associated with cancerous tissue. Symptoms of psychosis in an adult are not an indication of reprehensible moral failure but the end result of a psychic disorder that originates in very early childhood.

The anti-Semitic utterances of Pound are a typical paranoid symptom. (Paranoid is a respectable medical term despite the degradation it tends to suffer from misuse by the uneducated, such as Spiro Agnew.) While a competent study of the course of Pound's disorder hasn't yet appeared, it is not difficult to determine the source of the anti-Semitic remarks. Besides being a poet and critic, Pound was also a would-be reformer of economic and political life. His credo is set forth in *Jefferson and/or Mussolini,* written in early 1933. In this book, parts of which read like a comic masterpiece, there is no overt trace of anti-Semitism. But there is a very strong vein of anti-bankerism. In later years Pound transferred his pathological hostility toward bankers to the "Jews."

That the highly individualistic and unconventional Pound had thereby lapsed into an ancient cliché shows how much he had slipped by his mid-50s. His attack on the "Jews" did not stem from a racist attitude. Rather it should be viewed in terms of the paranoid pseudo-community, so ably described by Dr. Norman Cameron. The chief utility of this construct in the paranoid's delusional system is to provide him with a target against which to discharge hostile aggression.

(Continued on page 431)

NEWS & VIEWS: 410 **CORRESPONDENCE:** 411
EDITORIALS: 411
'SLAVE TRADE' IN FRANCE: *Jonathan Power* 412
WHERE WILL ALL THE CATHOLICS GO?: *Michael Novak* 414
KING OF THE ROCK: *James MacGregor Burns* 415
TEN YEARS LATER — IV: 'I PUT IT WRONG': *Robert W. Hovda* 419
THE SCREEN: *Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr.* 423
ONE SITTING WITH GLEB DERUJINSKY: *Samuel Hazo* 424
BOOKS: *Ronald Sampson, Anne Fremantle, Mark Taylor* 427
ILLUSTRATIONS: *Cover I: Samson prying apart the jaws of a lion; Gleb Derujinsky; "Ecstasy," page 426, ibid.*

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AFTER THE CEASE-FIRE

Any agreement, however imperfect, that stops the slaughter in Vietnam, arrests the bombs, and returns the prisoners on all sides to freedom, is an agreement for which to be prayerfully grateful. Thus, the accord signed in Paris is a good, if not to be celebrated, then certainly not to be deprecated. At the same time, some vital distinctions must be borne in mind, especially in view of President Nixon's persistence in proclaiming the accord "peace with honor." First this is not a peace; it is a fragile cease-fire, which, among other limitations, has not halted U.S. bombing in Laos. Secondly, there is nothing in the cease-fire of honor for the U.S., nor should there be, nor could there be. American honor began to go with the first Kennedy equivocation about "American advisers"; it vanished with the Johnson lies, Operation Phoenix, My Lai, and the Nixon terror-bombing of Christmas past. Finally, this is no victory, least of all for the U.S. The U.S. could not impose its will on the Vietnamese people; in that sense the Vietnam adventure is actually a defeat. All the U.S. manages to do is to get out of a land and a situation it should never have gotten into in the first place.

The best hope now is that the U.S. will get out "clean," and not seek to promote covertly what it failed to accomplish overtly. It would be cynical in the extreme, for instance, for the U.S. to revert to some earlier style of counterinsurgency, using civilian "experts" as a paramilitary force in the manner of 1950's CIA operations. It would be cynical, too, to parade ships of war and to fly bombers as intimidating elements of any kind. These points are mentioned because, though it is unlikely that ground troops will ever be reintroduced into Vietnam, there are indications that other ideas are being contemplated to preserve the status quo. Such an involvement would be a grave mistake. Problems decades in the festering remain to be resolved by the Vietnamese, and at last they should have the opportunity to resolve these free of the outside influences that have been the bane of their modern history.

In the same context, it would be unfair to use projected programs of American aid as levers to control political and economic developments in Vietnam. The U.S. has major moral obligations in the reconstruction and rehabilitation of Vietnam, in the North as well as the South. To sully those programs with considerations serving American interests will only

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add a sorry postscript to a tragedy almost beyond words. American aid to Vietnam, North and South, must be free of strings, and pledges must be fulfilled whatever the twists of fate in that unhappy land, and whether the Vietnamese happen to do or not do all that the U.S. would wish.

But if this is a time for U.S. reparation in terms of the Vietnamese people, it is no less a time for reconciliation and healing at home, for a rectifying of the neglects born of Vietnam, and for a hard look at the collusions between state and church, state and industry, state and the university and research communities, all of which contributed to making the American engagement in Vietnam both possible and acceptable.

The abolition of the draft is a constructive step in that work of reconciliation, but only the first of many that might be taken. The nation should turn quickly to the matter of amnesty for war-resisters; it should discontinue the prosecution of the Daniel Ellsberg case; it should drop charges held against segments of the peace movement, such as the Camden 28, whose trial is scheduled to begin soon. In a word, this is a time for magnanimity, not for seeking an eye for an eye. It is generosity that is going to heal the wounds of the nation caused by Vietnam—not pettiness, not vindictiveness.

COMING: Congressman Robert Drinan on the Supreme Court decision on abortion.

FROM BLACK AFRICA

'SLAVE TRADE' IN FRANCE

On one side of me, as I stepped out of the car, was the ring-motorway that encircles Paris— a mass of swirling metal, epitome of our age. On the other side, lounging on the pavement were—at a rough count—a hundred Africans, many dressed in long, flowing robes, the human raw material for France's present and future economic growth. I had come to visit a "foyer"—a residence for African male workers who come mainly from the impoverished dry area around the Senegal river, where the three ex-French West African states of Mali, Senegal and Mauritania meet.

France now has 3,400,000 immigrant workers—nearly twice the British number—and 175,000 newcomers are entering each year. One laborer in five is now an immigrant. Most come from Algeria (750,000), Portugal (685,000), Spain (650,000), Italy (590,000), Morocco (110,000), Tunisia (95,000), and Yugoslavia (55,000). But an important minority, 60,000, come from black Africa. Important if only because, by common consent, they have the worst time.

Most of the Africans working in France live in foyers. This one was a converted garage. There were 400 men living there. When I visited them they were on a rent strike. It was easy to understand why. Eight men to a room in partitioned cells that ran along either side of an internal alleyway. In the alley were small-time tradesmen selling shaving tackle, combs and Arabic literature —mainly religious. Chickens seemed to be everywhere. The kitchen-cum-living-hall was a hive of activity and clearly the central gossiping point. Five African women, employed collectively by the men, were stirring great bowls of rice and meat on innumerable gas rings. But there were neither chairs nor tables. Meals were taken on the floor.

Yoro, the strike leader, who showed me around, explained that the men usually ate in small groups together with men from the same village. He showed me into the showers as we talked. "Eight showers for 400 men," he said bitterly. Then he took me around the sleeping accommodation. Most of the cells had occupants, even though it was mid-afternoon on Sunday. A few were asleep. Many were just talking. I did not see a single pin-up. Neither did I see anyone drinking. Clearly the Moslem religious influence was quite pronounced—Yoro himself was the religious leader as well as the political one.

We sat in his office and talked. "The strike's been going a year now," he said. "What triggered it off was the refusal by the owners to meet four simple requests —showers every day, not just at the weekend; electricity all day; tables and chairs in the refectory; and no increase in the rent. Before the strike we were paying rent of 80 francs a month. Now, just to keep the place ticking over we're paying 25 francs. We reckon the patron was making a profit of over 22,000 francs ($4500) a month." All the men, Yoro explained to me, were single. They usually came for three or four years and then returned home.

The other four foyers I visited varied a great deal. One, indeed, was a good deal worse. It held 700 men and many of them lived in the cellar underneath a converted factory. Another was a government-run one. It was in the same poor neighborhood, Montreuil, a Communist-run municipality, but great efforts had been made

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to brighten it up. There were even palm trees and flowers in the forecourt. Even so, it was still very overcrowded. Next I visited one run by a voluntary agency. Clean and efficiently managed, it reminded me of an overcrowded youth hotel. Finally I was taken—on an official government visit, laid on by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs—to one of the new government foyers. A towering thirty-floor block, it had every conceivable modern facility. With the rent at about the same level as in the converted garage, it was obviously a great improvement.

But even if the foreign workers would like to live in a new shiny block, only a small percentage stand any chance of moving out of their slum conditions in the foreseeable future. According to an E.E.C. report issued last month, the French housing program for immigrants in 1969 provided for an increase of 10,000 beds and 1,500 family dwellings. But only 5,525 beds and 711 family dwellings had actually been financed. For 1970 there was a provision for 15,000 places in hostels, but only 1,002 family dwellings. In fact, only 11,749 new places in hostels had been financed that year. So, as the immigrant intake continues, families move into one-room slums or bidonvilles and the single men into run-down foyers.

Two months ago the French government announced that before any new immigrant worker is given a *carte de séjour,* his employer will have to show proof of residence. And his *carte de séjour* will be refused if he is living in a bidonville or condemned property. But so many regulations concerning immigrant workers are being flouted because there are so few government investigators that it is unlikely that this new regulation will have much impact. After all, where would the good housing come from? The plain fact is that France needs the labor. French people are retiring earlier and working a shorter week. Children are staying in school longer. The government estimates that the potential labor supply will be, by 1980, 1,650,000 less than it is today. Even though there is quite a bit of unemployment around at the moment, both French and foreigner regard this as a short-lived phenomenon. Certainly the migrants work on the principle that they are wanted.

Normally, immigration into France is taken so much as part of daily life that it is ignored as an issue. But this summer there was a sudden storm of scandals over the question of *"marchands d'esclaves"* (slave-sellers) as the French press call it. What has happened is that the Africans, who have found it more difficult to get into France than the other workers (seemingly a deliberate move by the French immigration authorities) and have probably more problems in understanding how French officialdom works, have been exploited by a group of ruthless black marketeers who offer, in return for a fat fee, to smuggle them into France and fix them up with jobs.

The "slave traffic" hit the headlines in July, when a lorry broke down near Aix-les-Bains—only a short distance from Mont Blanc tunnel and the Italian frontier. It was supposed, according to the driver's customs declaration, to be carrying sewing machines. In fact, the police found it had been packed with a cargo of 59 Malians. They had been packed like sardines in the lorry, with little food, water, or air, and only piles of straw for sanitation. According to Dr. Antonio Rispoli, a Rome deputy police chief, the Africans had paid a total of roughly $10,000 to be smuggled into France. Immediately, a section of the French press went to town with a series of investigative reports into this new-found slavery. *Le Nouvel Observateur* found one trafficker who, they reckoned, was making 765,000 francs (over $150,000) a year on his African labor force. He would hire them out at 18 francs an hour to oil companies and then pay them 6.60 francs an hour. He did not bother with holiday pay, sickness benefits, or social security.

However, the "slave traffic," despite the French press' sudden interest, is no new thing. Quite a few Africans at the foyers I visited talked quite freely about the problems of crossing the Pyrenees as if it were an everyday thing—in particular how to keep warm when they were so scantily clad. Two years ago the Spanish Civil Gendarmerie broke up several rings of "slave-traders" who arranged transport into France in double-bottomed cattle trucks. And the Spanish authorities are known to be worried by the number of unemployed Africans and Portuguese they have on their hands—they have tried to cross the Pyrenees, and have then been caught and returned by the French police. In the Barcelona region alone thereare 25,000 unregistered aliens, mainly Africans and Portuguese.

However, no one I talked to either in Paris or Rome seemed to think the traffic would be brought under control. When I suggested to the press department of the French Foreign Ministry that it was all rather scandalous I was told: "How can it be a scandal? It happens all the time." And in Rome, a senior police official in the Ministry of the Interior told me: "We have over a million tourists a year. How can we distinguish real tourists from false ones? After all, they have legitimate tourist visas."

The tragedy of the "slave traffic" is that all the pressures work towards French public opinion and French officialdom turning a blind eye. France needs labor so badly that anything goes. For the period of the Sixth Plan (1971-1975) the Ministry of Labor, Employment and Population envisages an increase of 600,000 immigrant workers. Yoro, the leader of the striking Africans in a slum Parisian foyer, was maybe getting near the truth when he told me as a parting shot, "You see, we'll end up like the Bantustans of South Africa—only good for supplying cheap labor." JONATHAN POWER

(Jonathan Power, a previous contributor, is a British free-lance journalist and broadcast reporter.)

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WHERE WILL ALL THE CATHOLICS GO?

MICHAEL NOVAK

Ah, New York is lining up again. What fun! The old alliances are shifting, new targets are coming into view.

Seven years ago, Kathy Mulherin introduced me to the literature on "the New Left." Some of the best articles were in *Dissent*, and not all of them simply hostile or aloof. Today Irving Howe recalls: "The struggle we had to wage in the late '60s against the miasmic fantasies of the New Left were really diversionary, an unavoidable waste of time. There was no intellectual profit to be had from that struggle, it was only a matter of survival and hygiene."

But Howe is wrong. The New Left opened up many new possibilities in American intellectual life. An energetic, ideosyncratic indication of these possibilities is to be found in the twin chapters "Liberals" and "Radicals" in Garry Wills' *Nixon Agonistes*. Wills blasts Arthur Schlesinger, Richard Goodwin, Patrick Moynihan with all the skills of one of Her Majesty's gunnery officers trained up properly on Mill, Bentham and Ricardo. It is an odd, classicist's angle for coming at American politics, conservative in American terms, giving "liberal" an English rootage, ring and rankle. Its underlying music is resentment at the liberal university, liberating sympathy for the rugged existentialism of "the kids."

Not least among their accomplishments, "the kids" brought old conservatives back into the intellectual mainstream. All those witty young misfits who never made their peace with "Consciousness II"—those "young fogeys" of Consciousness I—slipped out of grandfather's slippers, grew his sideburns, and made the courageous leap from *laissez-faire* to "do your thing."Anti-liberal to anti-liberal. One of Goldwater's speechwriters on a houseboat, Wills himself going to jail, Bill Buckley blowing pot three miles out at sea. . . . Three miles out, does he wear love beads, too?

"No," Howe continues, "the true choices in modern society are between the tories and the social democrats, between what *The Public Interest* represents and what the liberal-left represents. Now that the New Left bubble has burst, now that the conservative intellectuals have begun to rally, the serious debate can begin." He is not, of course, thinking of Buckley tories or Wills conservatives but of Kristol, Moynihan, Lipset, Glazer, Wilson and Podhoretz.

Where will "Catholics" line up? The word has changed its meaning. Intellectual-political voices are far more strategically placed than five years ago: Daniel and Philip Berrigan, Wilfrid Sheed, Garry Wills, and Andrew Greeley all have significant clout in the media. John Cogley and James Finn have their own magazines. Phil Nobile and Peter Steinfels are coming strong. John Leo is about to return to action. Daniel Moynihan is becoming more explicitly philosophical, Michael Harrington more explicitly religious.

The turn taken by the Berrigans, and by Father Groppi (who is studying law), may turn out to be the most significant of all. If lower middle class Catholics are given leadership rather than contempt, a major political change could be brought about in America.

Sheed maintains a kind of detachment, reading Dr. Spock with one hand to find out what to stick in baby's mouth with the other. He has perfected a literary voice for masking personal feelings, setting out fences of emotional distance, yet coming out foursquare for the proper demonstrations of concern. Detachment, you know, but the right sentiments. Clucking at the crusty Muggeridge, who doesn't understand war-induced, conscience-wounded "enthusiasm."

Wills, by contrast, has been evasive; even Sheed seems annoyed about that. In *Bare Ruined Choirs* there is a great yawning gap where an author should be. Who would guess that in 1964 Wills was strenuously praising John Courtney Murray, sometimes quoting sentences near to the ones he now uses to insult his memory? Who would guess that Wills fought liturgical reform, reform in contraception laws, and other reforms of the Vatican II he now continues to mock? He does not list among his previously published books, *Politics and Catholic Freedom*; he is entitled to excesses in his past, but not when he lashes out at those of others.

There is something both narcissistic and uncommonly cruel in Wills' attacks on others. His attacks on Jacqueline Grennan Wexler are in words what fourteen or fifteen gashes with a kitchen knife would be in deeds; Roseann Quinn was not more deadly done. Why the need to mutilate?

Wills piles up arcane scholarship in safe territories, mocking erudition with odd juxtaposition and pretending to enthusiasms his enemies, not he, once shared. Like a figure-cutting, fierce-swinging hockey player shouting defiantly across a yawning water gap he skates furiously, by himself.

Wills lobs in his criticisms of "liberals"—from Goodwin to Schlesinger to Moynihan—with all the contempt for liberals of Jesuits of a generation ago. He hides behind the barrage of anti-liberal brickbats just now so fashionable, without revealing his own politics. To his credit as a political conservative, he never had stomach for glorying in "the new trend of conservatism" which Howe believes Nixon embodies. Indeed, Wills pulls one of

(Continued on page 431)

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KING OF THE ROCK

JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS

Even if McGovern had won, he would have been frustrated

Of the many explanations of George McGovern's defeat a most important one has been neglected: the fact that he inherited a party that was not only ideologically divided and financially bankrupt but organizationally palsied. It was no vehicle for assaulting the entrenched power of the Nixon White House. Since the election the Democratic standard bearer has said that of all the unpredicted aspects of the campaign he was most surprised by the range and intensity of the President's influence; he was frustrated by it in every direction he turned. McGovern tried to rally a guerrilla army to storm the citadel; the citadel stood.

But even if McGovern had won he would have been frustrated by the condition of the Democratic party. If he had tried to exercise bold and innovative leadership the party would have provided as little support in key enclaves of Capital Hill as it had in key precincts across the nation. Not one of the authors of the books I discuss here* would have been surprised by such an outcome, for each of these works assumes or argues the failure of politics in America. That verdict is the subtitle of Broder's tract. Burnham sees the American political system in decomposition and disarray—virtually falling apart. "For a decade American politics has been gripped by a sense of frustration and helplessness," declare Saloma and Sontag in their opening sentence. Parris deals mainly with the President-selection system and is none too happy with it. Herblock simply portrays the failure of American politics, in cartoon after cartoon that would seem savage caricatures, except that ITT operatives and Watergate snoopers are real life. Who could invent them?

If this is the view of the presumed experts, no wonder that about half the American people, according to polls, has recently felt that the country is losing ground and a critical breakdown is likely, or that almost half of a sample of students polled at the start of this decade felt that change in coming years is likely to occur through revolution rather than orderly channels. What we are witnessing, according to Warren Miller, one of the most sophisticated of political opinion analysts, is a massive erosion of the people's trust in their government.

Since we are an ever hopeful as well as a despairing people, the question immediately becomes: What to do? The trouble with the breakdown of the system is that the problem is urgent and boring, both at the same time. We hear about ideas whose time has come. The trouble with the ideas in these books—most of them excellent ideas—is that their time came a generation or so ago. How long have we been seeing Herblock's grinning skeleton of a seniority system, his dusty closets with buried committee reports, his plodding tortoises of Congressional reform; how many decades is it, now, that political scientists have been calling for the direct election of the President, the abolition of the seniority rule in Congress, of the filibuster in the Senate? In the old days the ten-year-old, when asked his plans for the future, could reply: "I am not a candidate for public office—but. . . ." Today he mutters: "fragmented government . . . Rules Committee . . . weak state executives . . . disorganized local government." We have long assumed that there was a natural cycle of reform: agitation by advanced thinkers, slow acceptance by the

Critical Elections and the Mainsprings of American Politics, by Walter Dean Burnham, Norton, 210 pp., $6.50.

Parties, by John S. Saloma III and Frederick H. Sontag, Knopf, 390 pp., $7.95.

The Party's Over, by David S. Broder, Harper & Row, 280 pp., $7.95.

The Convention Problem, by Judith H. Parris, Brookings, 194 pp., $2.95.

Herblock's State of the Union, by Herbert Block, Simon and Schuster, 224 pp., $6.95.

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majority, enactment into law. This is not happening in government—and hence a lot of other reforms are not happening elsewhere. Is it possible for a nation to live with troubles so long that they become accepted like hurricanes or the common cold?

Our system has been under relentless attack in fact ever since the beginning, ever since Amos Singletary, for example, stood up in the Massachusetts ratifying convention to complain that men of learning and moneyed men would be the "managers" of the new Constitution and "get all the power and all the money into their own hands, and then they will swallow up all of us little folks, like the great Leviathan. . . ." But the critics have been divided between the decentralizers like Madison and Jefferson (in their anti-Federalist posture) and later Calhoun, who would tame power by fragmenting it and morselizing it, and the centralizers like Hamilton and Jefferson (in his Presidential phase) who would tame power by visibly concentrating it in national institutions such as the President, the Congress, or the party. In this century the debate has been carried on between Presidential party leaders such as Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson and Congressional party spokesmen like Harry Byrd and Robert A. Taft.

Does it really matter? Are these age-old constitutional debates sterile rituals with little relation to the social and economic reality of people's lives? Burnham, extending the pioneering work of the late V. O. Key, Jr., provides an awesome example of what happens to the great mass of people when our intellectual resources prove inadequate or irrelevant to a major disruption of the American system. By the 1890s the United States had come to such a degree of industrial development—and of workers' deprivation and even desperation—as to achieve at least the rudiments of a party system that might pit the organized power of the poor against that of economic and social elites. But the kind of politically and socially conscious workers' movement or party that rose in other industrial nations in the West did not find a solid footing in the American arena. This was due in part to peculiar ideological and psychological forces that have been well described by Hartz and Hofstadter. But the main cause was essentially political and institutional. The election of 1896—shaped by a conservative Democrat in the White House, a sharp depression, rural distress, and the availability of a populist leader in Bryan—was so sectional in its impact, and so damaging to the Democrats outside the South and West, as to leave a string of one-party states across the North. In these states the Democrats were reduced to small bands of patronage-mongers, village dissidents, and ethnic minorities. In Pennsylvania, Burnham notes, candidates endorsed by the Democratic party won *one* out of 96 statewide contests between 1893 and 1931. The main political battle in the Solid North thereafter took place *within* the Republican party—not an inviting playing field for either proleterians or populists.

The rise of the "one-party North" coincided with a remarkable outburst of middle-class morality around the turn of the century. Liberal reformers won the adoption of the Australian ballot, which ended the old arrangement by which party lieutenants handed out their own ballots, printed up at party headquarters, to the voter, who then simply deposited the ballot of his party's choice in the ballot box. As the spread of Republican domination put more power into the hands of party bosses who could control state and local conventions, the reformers called for party democracy in the form of primaries. Other reforms followed: the merit system to abolish patronage; the initiative, referendum and recall; the direct election of Senators; nonpartisan elections in the cities; the toppling of Boss Cannon in the House of Representatives and Aldrichism in the Senate.

Just how the ideological and institutional factors interacted to produce the enfeebling of the party system is a fascinating problem in historical causation, one that has produced a sharp debate among political scientists. To what extent the effects of reformism and "democratization" were planned, and to what degree they were wayward or fortuitous, is also hard to disentangle. What is much clearer is the impact of all this on the political system, and on the prospect that a popular majority, consisting of the urban and rural poor, could get at least a temporary grip on that system. That impact was to fragment the governmental system and to pulverize the party system; in California the parties as organizations virtually disappeared. The great instrument used by Jeffersonians and Jacksonians and early Republicans to make government more responsive to human needs was simply devitalized during the early years of this century. Even the coming of the New Deal, amid a depression that had robbed Old Guard Republicans of their last shred of credibility, was less a party victory than a personal triumph for Roosevelt, and the new President relied far less on the Democratic party in putting through his program—an organized national party hardly existed—than on his superb ability to innovate, articulate, and manipulate.

The morselization of the political system did not escape the attention of certain intellectuals and academics. Woodrow Wilson with his doctrine of responsible party government, Herbert Croly with his call for powerful and efficient national organization, Thorstein Veblen with his faith in a rationalized technology, Rexford Guy Tugwell and Max Lerner with their affirmation of the need for national planning during the

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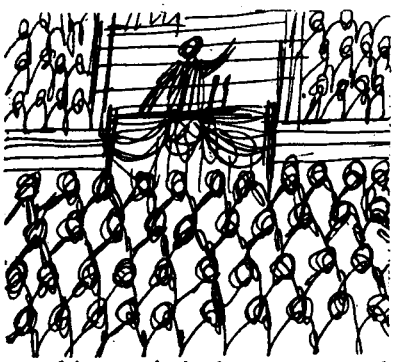
1930s, and a host of "managers" who undertook during World War II the biggest job of centralized planning and control in our history—all these in their different ways were reacting against the dissolution of popular sovereignty that accompanied the erosion of political parties. The clearest and most comprehensive statement of the problem came from a group of political scientists in a 1950 report that has received close attention within the profession but not much notice outside. Entitled "Toward a More Responsible Two-Party System," the report stated the need for more democratic and effective parties, for a system able to resist undue pressure from organized interests, with the party in power capable of carrying out programs and the "out" party mobilized for vigorous opposition. The report had hardly appeared (as a supplement to the September 1950 issue of *The American Political Science Review*) when other political scientists set up a chorus of criticism that has continued to this day. They charge that the report was weak in conceptualization, dogmatic in its



assumptions, ambiguous in its language, overly influenced by false impressions or expectations of British party experience, and especially loose in its treatment of the all-important question of how stronger parties could dominate decision-making in a Congress composed of legislators responding to constituencies often beyond the reach of national party organization.

At least the political scientists could not be accused of undue togetherness. But the most remarkable aspect of the reaction to the report was its eventual acceptance by many working journalists and hardheaded politicians. Not only Broder but newspapermen like T.R.B., Roscoe Drummond, and Ted Lewis have been strong proponents of party reform. A President of the United States—Lyndon Johnson—came out for one of its more advanced recommendations, that of a four-year term for Congressmen. According to Broder, John Kennedy was moving toward structural reforms necessary to stronger parties when he died, and President Nixon is actually a proponent of party responsibility in government and is determined to use his Presidency to make the Republican party the governing party in America, though he may lack the broad vision and grand strategy necessary to accomplish this. And in recent years the Democratic party has developed procedures and rules for participatory democracy as broadly advocated by the Report, and under the leadership of Congressmen O'Hara and Fraser, is pledged to a strengthening and recasting of the national party structure along many of the same lines as those advocated by the political scientists.

It may be that these practical people are simply slaves to defunct political ideas, but I think the more plausible reason for the wide acceptance of the party responsibility thesis is that the doctrine has been both prophetic and positive. The political scientists' report, for example, warned that the party system could not generate effective programs and mobilize public support for them; by its own weakness was allowing too much power to be shifted to the President; was so lacking in public esteem that it might lose credibility and simply disintegrate; would yield, out of its own weakness, to extremist parties and movements. Not bad prophecy. Broder argues cogently that the doctrines of bipartisanship and consensus —the great antitheses to party government—were in a large part responsible for Vietnam, since the government was not responsible and the opposition did not oppose.

It is perhaps significant that Saloma and Sontag are men of affairs as well as scholars and hence have responded to the broad thrust of the report rather than merely condemning it, and have provided much of the precision and sophistication that it lacks. They have supplied a virtual blueprint for party reform and reconstruction—a blueprint that may itself be prophetic as the Democratic party tries to become for the first time a truly nationally structured party, and as the Republican party ultimately undertakes its own reform. The authors directly confront the weakness of the present national committees, the insulation of power in the Congressional parties, the difficulties and potentialities of the amateur in politics, the role of consultants and the new political technology, and they present convincing analysis and proposals on such matters. They stress participatory politics without neglecting the tremendous job of innovative institution-building and reconstruction necessary at the top levels of the party.

Perhaps the most compelling argument for stronger parties is that no other major reform strategy would provide the necessary combination of central direction and grass-roots participation. During much of this century liberals have been drawn to the strong Presidency, occupied of course by good guys such as Wilson and the two Roosevelts, but the combination of Vietnam, as a Presidentially inspired intervention, and nine years of Johnson and Nixon have dampened some of the early ardor for the strong Presidency. One of the key arguments for party responsibility is that not only would the opposition party oppose the "in" party, but the latter would place around the President a group of political leaders with national responsibilities (in contrast to most Congressional leaders) who would be close enough to the President to act as discriminating

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sources of constraint as well as support.

Another reform strategy is to tie the Presidency more directly to the electorate, or a majority of it, by reforming both the Presidential nominating process and the method of election. Parris argues persuasively against proposals for a national Presidential primary (expensive and unrepresentative) and in favor of a restructured national convention. A large body of thought favors direct election of the President, if only to prevent the Russian-roulette aspect of the present electoral college system. But few proposing such reforms pretend that they deal with the essential problem, which is that even a superior Presidential selection system cannot supply the day-to-day political checks on the President necessary during that long four-year stretch.

A third reform strategy is party realignment. The nature of party realignments is the burden of Burnham's book, and he helps us understand the difference between a pseudo-realignment, such as the election of 1912, and the real things, such as the 1890s and the 1930s. Are we in a period of realignment now? He thinks so but is not certain. And realignment can take various forms. He considers two of them: a Republican effort to attract the Wallace following, opposed to a Democratic coalition of the upper-income classes and the lowest; and "the continued growth of a third-party movement and its increasing penetration of the lower and lower-middle strata of the white population until it reached perhaps a quarter or more of the total electorate"—the latter with sinister civil-war potentials, Burnham fears. But he is evasive about the prospects of the kind of alignment many liberals favor—a clear-cut, responsible conflict between a liberal and a conservative party—and a forthcoming study of realignment by James Sundquist of the Brookings Institution is none too hopeful about the possibilities of that kind of alignment. There is considerable agreement that realignment needs some kind of massive detonating issue or crisis, but little agreement as to whether this might be race, or urban disorder, or Vietnam, or some chance happening.

The unpredictable element in all these calculations is leadership; Parris looks for the electoral foundations of it; Broder devotes a chapter to it; Burnham hopes for inspired leadership. This is really a call for *Presidential* leadership, but that compounds the problem, for strong Presidents do not like strong parties. They will not sacrifice the short-run advantages of ignoring their party or "rising above party" in exchange for the long-run costs and risks of rejuvenating and reforming their party. It is significant that the Democratic party achieved its major reforms—the advisory committees during the Eisenhower years and the McGovern reforms during Nixon's term—when its man did not occupy the White House.

The issue *is* leadership, but not just Presidential. The issue is whether leaders of the middle rank can restructure party and other political institutions so that the two-party system can reflect fundamental social and political aspirations and act on them instead of muddying, pulverizing and suppressing them. So many of our institutions, especially Congressional, have remained so impervious to change that one cannot be wholly optimistic about the possibilities of basic reform. But if George McGovern has accomplished nothing else in this era, he has led in unleashing an impetus toward reform that has changed the very foundations of the Democratic party. The question now is whether a host of middle-level Democratic leaders can reorganize the national structure of the party, and having done so, whether they will then compel the state parties to open up their membership and democratize their procedures with the same resoluteness with which they forced the state parties to democratize their Presidential nominatin procedures.

In short, the detonating force leading toward a rational realignment and toward responsible parties need not be either chance or catastrophe. That force could be the kind of intellectual creativity that enabled the Framers of the Constitution to determine the essential shape of the American political system that would endure for two centuries. In this decade it could be a cerebral effort and a conscious strategy by Democrats to rebuild their divided and disheveled party into an organized mass movement that would confront conservative political elites at least on equal terms. Or it could be a considered effort by Richard Nixon, if he could summon up the moral vision and the political courage to make such a commitment, to build a relatively solid, slightly right-of-center, rejuvenated Republican party, with its electoral strength based solidly in the South, the suburbs, and the blue-collar workers. After all the agitation over the decades by liberals, radicals and socialists to establish a unified popular party, it would be ironic if the Republicans got there first with the most.

The ultimate question is whether we will choose our political leaders through a giant game of King of the Rock, or whether we will work out political checks and balances, not merely constitutional ones, that will regulate the way in which the Presidency is won, that will channel and stabilize Presidential power without blunting it as an instrument of social reform. Given the thwarted popular aspirations likely to intensify during the 1970s, the question is whether our system will become vulnerable to political adventurism and even Caesarism, as power-hungry politicians organize personal followings and lunge for Presidential power. The question is whether we can find means of controlling naked ambition not merely by countering it against other leaders' ambitions, as Madison advised, but by enveloping it in restraints making for both effectiveness and civility. For the only code of King of the Rock is the law of the jungle.

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'I PUT IT WRONG'

ROBERT W. HOVDA

Before the opening of the Second Vatican Council in 1962, Commonweal *published a series of articles on the general theme of "What the Layman Wants from the Church"—a series later issued in paperback by Herder and Herder under the title* The Layman in the Church. *Now we have invited the authors of that series to take another look at themselves and the post-conciliar church, their fears and disappointments, their hopes and expectations, all from the vantage point of today, ten years after the Council's inception. This is the fourth article in the series.*

—THE EDITORS

"You put it just wrong," says Peter in T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party." And then he goes on to reflect "It is not her interest in *me* that I miss—/ But those moments in which we seemed to share some perception, / Some feeling, some indefinable experience / In which we were both unaware of ourselves."

Rereading the article I contributed to that pre-Council series ten years ago—"The Layman: Victim of Reaction?"—I think that basically I "put it just wrong." On the level of specifics and proposals, it seems to me I was plugging for the right things—liturgical renewal, a broader public and social morality, articulate public opinion in the church and structures for collegial and coresponsible decision-making, the kind of sorting out of our cultural inheritance that is necessary if we are to agree on an evangelical list of ecclesial priorities. These are modest, intermediate goals which I still work and hope for. I have seen a decade's slow progress toward them.

But the climate, the basic thrust, the vocabulary of the piece is where I put it wrong. I was still too conscious of being a cleric, a minister of the church. I think I had absorbed as an unconscious premise the very clericalism I wanted so much to oppose. So I had to put everything in terms of "the laity's reintegration in the amazingly clericalized church of modern times."

I am writing this the day after the election, and I'm glad I chose this day to begin this work. Until I started it, I felt like H. L. Mencken. But now a tiny bit of optimism lifts the gloom. If I can make as much progress in ten years as the rereading of that article makes me believe I've made despite all my private and professional trials and tribulations, then why should I despair of anyone, or of America? If I can change, then the things my jaundiced eye sees in that election—the ugly racism, the selfishness, the fear of justice for oppressed and alienated groups—can be changed!

Others have spoken and will speak of their own pieces in that series of 1962. I look back at mine and get an old familiar feeling. I have never in my life been able to save any money, but I have saved written words fanatically and indiscriminately. I can produce on demand the typewritten texts of essays for the college quarterly and of the first homilies I preahced in my first assignment as a priest at the Fargo cathedral.

There has been little demand over the years, but they are all there in my files. On occasion, my embarrassed eyes fall on one of those yellow, brittle pages. And even though I interpret my remarks of a quarter century ago with a generous benevolence, the experience of the old stuff is never exhilarating. I usually feel that it could have been worse, but that's as much satisfaction as I can squeeze out of those particular turnips. As I have already suggested, the article in question is no exception.

How I loved the words "laity," "layperson," "layman" in those days! I don't any more. Now I feel that those terms are symptoms of our sickness, at least as they are used in common parlance. There is always the nuance connoting the ignorant or the outsider versus the professional. There is always the implication that the real church exists somewhere else—in surrogate Christians, in the clergy and religious, or even only in the "hierarchy."

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With this highly significant vocabulary, the church is effectively *other,* out there somewhere, a reality in which the believer may or may not be involved. Even when we become aware of the foolishness and barrenness of that unevangelical distinction and grudgingly admit that we are in some sense the church, then we insist on inventing a barbarism like the familiar tautology "institutional church" to express the same idea. Lack of meaningful initiation and catechesis and community, ingrained custom and habit, fear of responsibility—for whatever reasons, we find it very difficult to accept the fact that the community of believers is the church.

Yet "church" means nothing else. It means the community of the baptized who believe with Easter faith and relate to one another in a common pilgrimage, a common seeking, a common pattern of life style of death and new life, death and new life—an expansion and fulfillment of life that comes about only through many kinds of dying. It means the community of believers, and the network of related communities of believers.

So maybe it would help if we put the words "laity," "layperson," "layman" on the shelf for a good long time. So that the church community could say of its clergy (and vice versa): "It is not her interest in *me* that I miss— / But those moments in which we seemed to share some perception, / Some feeling, some indefinable experience / In which we were both unaware of ourselves."

Maybe it would help if we spoke instead of Christians, Catholics, the community, the church. Among us, belonging to us, as a part of us, there may be special designation—bishop, priest, deacon, other ministries—which infringe in no way on our common dignity, and which carry no implication that the rest of the members of the church are not full grown. Unlike the Society of Friends, we think the community needs ministries and ministers of various kinds. Like the Society of Friends, we think that the covenant bonds of the sisters and the brothers are the important distinction of the Christian and that the community and its assembly are radically egalitarian. So the ministers—bishops, presbyters, or any other—are, however essential, very, very minor distinctions among the sisters and the brothers.

Distortions

The problem is (and has been for a long time) that as baptism shrinks, ordination and religious vows expand. Whenever there is a decline in the Christian consciousness of the covenanted community, then the functions and services of ministries and vows within the community get blown up, distorted, exaggerated out of all proportion.

To say that ministries in the church are minor distinctions compared to the common and fundamental distinction of baptism and Christian faith is not to underrate those ministries. It is simply to put them in their proper place. I believe not only that we need bishops and presbyters, but that we need many more bishops and many more pastors than we now boast. Just as we need recognizable and humanly-sized communities of faith to succeed the huge shopping center chapels which our urban parishes have been and are.

In every effort for renewal, whether for good liturgical celebration, or for corporate social witness, or for collegiality and coresponsibility in the life of the church, we find that the pattern of our large diocesan administrations and our casual urban parish congregations is our greatest enemy. Which points up another defect in my article of ten years ago. There was very little realism in my pleading for goals which the current (then as well as now) large-scale and consumer-oriented organization of dioceses and parishes renders radically unrealizable.

So I appreciate *Commonweal*'s invitation to reflect on the decade since that series. "Tell how you feel today," Jim O'Gara's letter said, "about the Council, about the church, about the changes that have taken place or not taken place, how you have changed, what you hope for and expect in the church today."

I suppose the biggest change in me is that today I am a little less cerebral and a little more concerned about experience than I was ten years ago. And I think this is progress. I owe it to a number of circumstances, events, experiences: some psychotherapy; a job on the staff of the Liturgical Conference since 1965 writing about a core aspect of ecclesial renewal, liturgical celebration; and membership since 1969 in the non-territorial Nova Community in the Richmond diocese section of the Washington metropolitan area, a Christian community of human size.

My good fortune and job these past eight years has been working in the area of, and writing about the problems of liturgical celebration, on the staff of the Liturgical Conference, a voluntary association of people deeply concerned with these moments of the church's actualization and constitution. Ten years of parish work, three teaching theology, two in campus ministry have fed into this congenial occupation.

The Conference staff, meetings, workshops, correspondence have contributed heavily to my growing appreciation of visual, sensible, symbolic elements of public worship, of movement and gesture and dance, of a whole range of sensory activators and enablers and expressions that are quite beyond the scope of ritual texts. Nothing is more sad (and futile) than the effort to promote good liturgy by more verbosity, more words, an even greater reliance on the printing press and the literacy of the times. It is paradoxical that some who abhor phrases like "saying mass" or "reading mass" or "hearing mass," when they set about the work of planning liturgies, seem themselves quite incapable of suggesting any-

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thing but the multiplication or refurbishiing of words and texts.

My experience in Nova Community has been as sobering as it has been rewarding. Our insensitivity to the symbolic function and value of things is a cultural prenomenon in our world and a characteristic we all share. It isn't easy, as we have discovered, to facilitate through ritual action an experience that is more than prose can ever offer, and more than even poetry affords easily and by itself. Except on rare occasions, we have only begun this terribly important exploration (on which a genuine liturgical renewal depends).

Fortunately, Catholic tradition embraces far more than the era of the printing press. However much we have tended to identify the liturgy with books and texts, we still have (in shriveled and petrified forms, to be sure) in our tradition a treasure in symbol and symbolic gesture. Like the good news of Jesus, this symbol world persists and survives despite our obvious preference for the more effective formation accomplished by the status quo of our current political and economic life.

These, I suppose, are the reasons why I love the church and need the church—as much today as ever, if not more. Fifty-two years have acquainted me with the other institutions of our society. The familiarity breeds not contempt but a harsh realism about their pride, contumacy, pretensions to sovereignty and tragic inadequacy. The church is the only institution I know that, for all its obvious, faithless (and boring) captivity to the status quo, preaches a gospel that condemns and challenges itself, that stretches human potentiality to the point of the reign of God, the kingdom.

The paschal message, mystery and paradox of life through death, of development and growth into spirit through many kinds of dying, has its home in the church. And when I see people and movements that give me hope, I have hardly been able to avoid tracing them in one way or another to the biblical covenant and the church. So we add new chapters to the biblical record of the stubbornness and unrepentance of the covenant people! So we, attached to our ways, will not undertake seriously and thoroughly the task of sorting out the gospel from our mountain pile of odds and ends! So we, fearful of our egalitarian-communion-liberation message, will not live Jesus but merely supply him to those less afraid to shout and more liable to caricature! None of our failures has yet cast the gospel into total eclipse.

My hopes for the church are less modest, but I am willing to settle for this. The body of the church is full of sores and weakness, of sinners like myself, but I do not admire parasites on any body. And, after all these years on the planet, I simply do not see other institutions replacing the utopian-kingdom focus, with its eschatological transcendent strength, that the church insists on as its first priority.

Nor do I see them taking account of the full mystery and paradox of human existence. How *can* one who is shy of God? Often enough, the church seems also not to take account of that full mystery and paradox. In a community of the spirit, authoritarianism and repression are as easy as they are obscene. In a community so conscious of the Ultimate, pretensions to ultimacy can wear the mask and camouflage of orthodoxy. I wish, for example, that we would just stop talking about sex for a while. We've made such a mess of it. But then, who hasn't? However, despite all our failures as church, despite much that happens in our organization and law and education and zealous attempts to overpreach the word, we always end up as church in *liturgy,* where we cannot fathom persons but can only bow to one another and exchange the kiss of peace and engage in common prayer.

These are some of the reasons for my continued enthusiasm for the church and for the church's (Jesus') gospel. I don't think my enthusiasm now is as compulsive as it was ten years ago. I don't think my existence hangs on it. But it's a very good feeling, and I'm a lucky middle-aged priest. I chastise it periodically with references like this one, from a review of a madame's memoir, called *The Happy Hooker*: ". . . she remains eminently likable, no doubt because she likes herself and likes her work, and, one gathers, is very good at it. It just goes to show how important enthusiasm can be to success in one's chosen profession" (*Washington Post Book World,* Feb. 20, 1972).

I know that changes and progress in the church seem almost imperceptible to those much younger, but I am impressed and cannot share their scorn. Perhaps because I can't help looking back further and remembering more distant times.

When I was a conscientious objector in World War II, and later walked out of my Civilian Public Service unit to protest the then slave-labor system (under indictment when I became a Catholic and on probation when I went to the seminary), I might have hoped I would one day be forgiven . . . at *most*. The Catholic peace movement we see now, thirty years later, was then inconceivable to me. Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker movement were almost our only friends. I must have applied to ten or fifteen seminaries before St. John's in Collegeville, Minnesota, took me in, and to almost as many bishops before Aloisius Muench accepted me for Fargo. Tolerance was the limit of my expectation then. Now I can read pastoral letters counseling the option of conscientious objection! Now, in important ways, the church is more visible in the Berrigans than it is in the presidency of the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops!

A catalogue of memories like this would be interminable. And most of them say, "Damn it, man, you might have dreamed of, but you couldn't have expected what you now see!" Remember how bold the CORE sit-ins in Chicago seemed in the forties? Remember our shy

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Governing by Fiat

The concentration of foreign-policy power in the White House, especially in the last three or four decades, has been of such a nature that the customary Constitutional and political checks have been made largely ineffective. For all practical purposes, the President is virtually a dictator in international affairs. His decisions are paramount and unrivaled. He occupies the field of decision and action by himself. He shares his authority and prerogative with no other person or group. The irony is that the President uses his preponderant authority legally, *within* the Constitutional framework, but is not bound by normally prescriptive constraints. This development would have appalled the Founding Fathers.

—from "The Power of the President, by Saul K. Padover, *Commonweal* August 9, 1968

A surprising corollary is the shock in so many quarters that this could happen in the United States— that a President could actually become as independent, inaccessible and uncommunicative as a Howard Hughes, and from the isolation of his various White Houses be able to make the splenetic decisions that put some in mind of Guernica, Lidice, Babi Yar and Treblinka, and cause others to wonder about his very sanity. Yet the conditions for such a development have been there for some time; it only took a Richard Nixon to bring to realization their full implications. . . .

The point, in sum, is that the present Constitutional impasse is not entirely of the President's making. Richard Nixon has exploited Congress' weaknesses, to be sure. But he did not create them. They were there, and many of them are of Congress' own making. What is significant is that they are correctable. Tackling them is one start toward the return of Constitutional government in the U. S.

—*Commonweal* Editorial, January 26, 1973

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little Socialist Party meetings in Minneapolis just as long ago, and our proud surfacing whenever Norman Thomas came to town? Remember the daily requiem masses in that baroque and ethnic downtown St. Paul church, and the St. Andrew's missal that somehow made them prayer? Remember how little it took to precipitate a crisis in the seminary?

Sometimes when we try to get our bearings we make the wrong comparisons. Human thoughts and theories are always way ahead of human lives and guts. Comparing thoughts and lives at any moment in our history must always make it seem no progress is being made. But compare the thoughts then and now, or the lives then and now, and one isn't at all sorry that this is 1972, as this is being written, soon to be 1973.

I apologize. I am beginning to sound too sanguine. I do not want us to accept the situation we find ourselves in the church today. I want us to be as conscious of the reign of God and the dying and emptying it requires as Advent demands. Permit me to conclude as I concluded a recent talk to the Federation of Diocesan Liturgical Commissions:

The job is ours. We have to stop looking for some perfect situation out there somewhere . . . some situation in which "one can be free" . . . some situation in which "one can do the will of God." "You cannot tell by careful watching when the reign of God will come . . . the reign of God is already in your midst" (Luke 17:20,21). It is frustrating, it is time-wasting, it is fruitless to keep waiting and looking for something to happen out there.

The institution—any institution, including the church —has to be shaped up, beaten into shape, reformed again and again, for the sake of *persons*, who are more important than it will ever be, and yet in whose lives it (the organized community) exercises so very much influence, potentially such beneficent influence. And there is a reason why we prefer the church above all the crummy institutions of this society we know so well. The peculiar grace of the church is that it humbles all institutions, including itself, all systems, all distinctions, all statuses, all privileges, before the word of the Lord.

The church enables us to pray and work together, to share a common faith, to celebrate our freedom, but it doesn't make us free. Jesus has made us free. The sovereignty and the transcendence of our God has made us free. We are free. We can do the will of God. We don't have to wait for a "situation in which" we can feed the hungry and clothe the naked and free the prisoner and do the other acts of justice which mark the reign of God. Certainly we have to change church structures as the needs and capacities and responsibilities of the church community change, but if we wait for church structures that will make us free, we are only fellow-travelers . . . and we haven't believed the gospel . . . and we haven't accepted the covenant.

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THE SCREEN

Like any mass art, movies often seem a way to live vicariously a life of adventure and drama that we all admire, but that few of us are up to living in reality. This is why violent men who exist beyond the obligations and boundaries of society are so popular as movie heroes. Through them we "escape" for a few hours our humdrum, middle-class lives. It is at the movies that we feel we are in touch with something wholly other in life—wholly different from common values and our own experiences.

That feeling can be deceptive, though, for even under vicarious circumstances we are not often so adventuresome as we like to think. We may enjoy feeling that the movies turn us on to a different way of life, but what we really want to see is just our own life in some clever, exotic disguise. The life on the screen that we suppose otherwise unimaginable for us is in truth only our life rendered unrecognizable. We would not go to movies if they confronted us with new sets of values because that would be disquieting rather than relaxing. We go to have our own values confirmed. We are not so anxious as Hamlet to have a mirror held up to nature: we want it held up to ourselves. Moviemakers know this, too, and they are very good at showing us what is familiar while making us believe it is the opposite.

Consider Sidney Pollack's new film, *Jeremiah Johnson*. It is the story of a mountain man, and from the opening narration there are signs that Jeremiah (Robert Redford) will prove an especially legendary example of this always legendary breed. One would assume that the few real mountain men took up such a life because chance placed them close to mountains, gave them a penchant for solitude and limited their ideas about other ways to live. Not Jeremiah, though. He was a sailor who journeyed to the middle of the continent expressly to become a mountain man. The narrator who tells us this doesn't return again until the end, when he informs us, "Some say Jeremiah Johnson lived forever." In between being a greenhorn and being immortal, Jeremiah has learned lore from a bear hunter and a trapper, has had a wife and son, and has offended the whole Crow nation so that he's had to fight off revenge-bent braves, one at a time, for many a year.

True to the form of myth, the film makes its story a cycle. In the snowy mountains of the gods where he lives, the last man Jeremiah comes across is a Crow brave, his ultimate opponent, who also happens to be the first man he met above the timber line. Likewise, the second-to-last man he sees, the bear hunter (Will Geer), is the second man he met at the beginning of the film. And the third-to-last is the third-from-first. Yet the film isn't just a series of epic encounters held out on the frontiers of our imagining. On the contrary, while the years of combat with the Crow are passed by in ten minutes of interlocking dissolves, the entire middle of the film is devoted to a domestic comedy. Jeremiah takes on his son and wife (in that somewhat unusual order) only unwillingly and with a grimace at having other plans foiled. But then, don't most men take on a wife and child that way, with reluctance and a feeling of entrapment? And aren't most eventually sure they're better off for having done so, just as Jeremiah eventually is?

What we really find in this film, hiding under the bearskins of a mountain man, is the story of a family man. Jeremiah may not have wanted a wife and kid, but like the rest of us, he liked them well enough when the society in which we lived, scant as it was, saddled him with them. It is not in losing his mountain man's freedom to a wife and child that Jeremiah suffers, but in gaining it back when the Crow kill them—not in being tied down by marriage and responsibility, but in being cut loose from them. The adventure of living in utter self-reliance turns into the chagrin of living in utter loneliness. The saga turns out to be a tragedy. As we leave the theater we can admit with relief that that solitary mountain life wasn't such great shakes: it wasn't really for us after all.

Only a husband who loves his wife could direct her in the part that Joanne Woodward plays in her new film, directed by Paul Newman. *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds* is about a ne'er-do-well widow named Beatrice, the mother of two teenage girls. Taking its cue from Paul Zindel's play, the film depicts Beatrice as a sarcastic, slightly crazy and pathetically inadequate woman. She makes ends approximate by boarding people with terminal illnesses in her squalid, ramshackle home. She fights with her baton-twirling, epileptic older daughter (Roberta Wallach), and browbeats her rabbit-loving, studious younger daughter(Nell Potts).

Ms. Woodward artfully conceals the light in Beatrice's heart under a bushel of spite, making sure that a ray or two intermittently shines through the chinks. In fact, she gets across the affection in Beatrice's raunchy personality so well that one can't help assuming the actress-director relationship must reflect something fine between the wife and husband. (The comment that the theatrical performance makes on the private life isn't tinged with mawkishness here the way it was in *Rachel, Rachel*, the first film in which Newman directed Ms. Woodward.) But the net result is still just another movie where love counts for everything and real circumstances count for nothing.

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Beatrice would be about as unendearing and unattractive as a woman could be, if she weren't so funny. But the clinker is that she *is* funny. What's more, her derelictions of duty, her child neglect and her breaches of hygiene never do anyone harm. We are free to enjoy finding out what a rotten person she is because no one who has to live with her seems much the worse for doing so. For instance, she is forever threatening to prohibit her younger daughter's Saturday visits with a Mr. Wizard science teacher, but she never carries out her threats. Like any true American mom, she's all bluff. The only trouble is that your regular American mom can afford to be all bluff because she keeps her house spotless and dispenses hot chicken soup from both breasts. Beatrice doesn't provide these real services to complement her mythical personality.

Once Beatrice has us securely in her pocket, the script does allow her to do a little harm. The younger daughter wins a science fair with the experiment named in the film's title, but Beatrice arrives too late for the award ceremony and ruins her daughter's triumph by being drunk. As if that weren't enough, in a fit of pique she also finally goes through with one of those long-standing threats and kills the girl's pet rabbit. There is a kind of dishonesty in this ending. After a loser has her winning way with us for an hour and a half, it is cheating to give her personality grave consequences only in the last few minutes of the film. It suggests that the filmmakers' conscience hurts because, afraid of offending us, they have been untrue to her all along.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

ONE SITTING WITH GLEB DERUJINSKY

SAMUEL HAZO

It is a three-room second-floor apartment on West 65th Street in New York, replete with the usual urban safeguards: a locked main door that is released only by a buzzer from the room of one of the occupants. I ring 2D, wait for an acknowledgment, open the door in mid-buzz and proceed by elevator to the sculptor's apartment. Gleb Derujinsky is waiting at the door. I have been told that he is eighty-four; I have not been told that he will greet me like a man of thirty with a handshake that is forcefully devoid of any evidence of age. He is approximately two or three inches under six feet tall; he has a mustache that is as white as his eyebrows, eyelashes and hair; he wears glasses; he does not have false teeth, and the two remaining incisors—one, top and one, bottom—show in his smile with singular defiance at all that is unnatural and superficial in this world.

Just inside the hall to his living room (also his studio) is Lillian Gish. Her plaster-of-Paris smile is eternally benign. Her hands are folded over her small bosom, and her brushed hair encircles her face like a nimbus.

"I made this of her many years ago," says the sculptor. He does not add that it has been given the Anna Hyatt Huntington Award at the Grand National Exhibition in March of 1972.

He moves on slippered feet to a chair, offers me a rocker beside him, waits until I am seated and then and then only seats himself. Behind him is a pedestal-like worktable on which rests a partially covered pound of clay, its identity shrouded by a plastic bag. Behind it is a clay sculpture of the virgin receiving the announcement of Gabriel. Behind that is a cross with a broken crossbeam. Dangling by one nailed palm from the intact side of the beam is a limp, bronze Christ.

"I call that 'The Forgotten Martyr,'" says the sculptor, "because I think, I really think that we have forgotten how much Christ really suffered for us." He pauses and looks straight into my eyes; it is not the look of confrontation but of brotherhood. "Look at the constant cruelty of this world. I know its history as I know my five fingers. Remember the rebellion of Spartacus. When the Romans suppressed it (they were cruel, the Romans, without nobility), they crucified the rebels on an alley of crosses all the way from Rome to Naples. How far is that? One strong man on one of the crosses lived— did not die—for more than a week. Imagine that. Imagine the cruelty of that. And in my own time I heard a story of Abdul Hamid that is incredible. It seems that a sculptor went to visit him and asked him if he could see his harem. Hamid led the sculptor to the harem where there was one girl of exceptional beauty. The sculptor told Hamid that he would love to have her just to sculpt a bust of her. Hamid said that he could have her if he wished. When the sculptor was about to leave, Hamid had the head of the girl brought to the sculptor on a dish. That's not centuries away from us. That's in our own time. Imagine the monstrosity of that."

We continue talking about man's cruelty to man: Romans, Nazis, Communists. He stops and opens a large

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album that contains celluloid-encased photographs of his sculptures and carvings. He shows me an oak sculpture of John the Baptist, his hands partly uplifted like a priest's in supplication during a service.

"I carved the Baptist in one day when the Germans were approaching Smolensk. I read of fields covered with murdered soldiers, and I asked God how long He would tolerate that. My statue of John is asking God that question. When I finished working on it, my priest came into my studio, saw my work, made the sign of the cross and told me that my sculpture stirred him for the first time to the reality of the horror of the war. That was the greatest compliment that was ever paid to me."

While he speaks, I am instantly reminded of certain televised conversations of Stravinsky and Casals. There is the same simplicity, the same profundity, the same utter willingness to take serious things seriously regardless of consequences. While I am in the midst of these memories, the sculptor turns and points to the unfinished sculpture of the Annunciation behind him. "That is my latest," he says, "and it is not bad." He is not talking to me now but to the sculpture or, rather, at the sculpture. "Notice how the uplifted hand of the angel is the exact center of the piece. Everything at the extremes is equidistant from that. The same thing is true of my 'Europa and the Bull.' The horn of the bull centers the entire work so that you can look at it from any direction, and it will be perfect to your eye."

I am again in the presence of Casals, and he is saying on his ninetieth birthday that he still practices three hours a day, as if he too were presently at work on an Annunciation and pronouncing it not bad. And I am also thinking of Stravinsky at the University of Texas, telling the audience who had invited him that he is pleased with their interest in his work and that he "encourages them in that interest." Straight talk. No false modesty.

The sculptor turns to another page in the album. We confront a semi-seated sculpture of a female nude in anguish. Her arms are crossed over her eyes. Her breasts are tumescent, and they are also fulsomely shaped by her uplifted arms. Every muscle in her abdomen, hips and thighs strain in the almost smooth bronze.

"I call this one 'Upheaval,'" he says. "The idea came to me after I read Petrarch's Sonnet 104. He says there that he is torn between loving beyond hope and finding himself unable not to love. Hence, the conflict. It also embodies a feeling I had in those days during the late thirties that there would be a war, an upheaval. I felt it in my blood, and I suppose that some of those feelings worked their way into the sculpture."

I keep on listening to him while I study four separate photographs of 'Upheaval,' each shot from a different angle. I do not know the Petrarchan sonnet to which he has alluded, but later I will find it in a rather stylized translation:

Warfare I cannot wage, yet know not peace;
I fear, I hope, I burn, I freeze again;
Mount to the skies, then bow to earth my face;
Grasp the whole world, yet nothing can obtain.
His prisoner Love nor frees, nor will detain;
In toils he holds me not, nor will release;
He slays me not, nor yet will he unchain;
Nor joy allows, nor lets my sorrow cease.
Sightless I see my fair; though mute, I mourn;
I scorn existence, and yet court its stay;
Detest myself, and for another burn;
By grief I'm nurtured; and, though tearful, gay;

SAMUEL HAZO *is Director of the International Poetry Forum in Pittsburgh. His most recent book of poetry is* Once for the Last Bandit *(U. of Pittsburgh Press).*

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Death I despise, and life alike I hate:
Such, lady, dost thou make my wayward state!

Later, when I am reading this translation, I will wish to God that I can read Italian. The sculpture is so much better than the translation that I will wonder if the poem is better in the original. . . .

Now the sculptor is talking about a statue of Sappho. She is in full stride, and she has the cropped hair of a young man. Even her face has a masculine set to it. "Why not?" asks the sculptor, smiling. Then he indicates a small bronze of a kneeling nude nymph cupping imaginary water from an imaginary stream. "That is one that I will not sell. Perhaps my wife will sell it when I am dead, but not now. Not yet."

We return to the album of photographs and come upon two separate sculptures of Leda and the swan. The legend becomes real all over again. Here is Zeus as the swan, forcing apart the thighs of Leda to foster Helen, to foster the reward of Paris, to foster war, to foster the blind Homer's twin epics, to foster the vision of Virgil, to foster the belief that mythology is as real as the sun and rain, to foster. . . . The progression can go on and on and on. Oddly enough, the sculpture of Leda does not suggest a ravishing. The girl is not resisting but succumbing as she would to a lover, her head thrown back in a gesture of sensual abandon, her eyes shut, her body responding to the swan's pressure at her loins.

The sculptor turns more pages. Here is 'Ecstasy,' a dual sculpture of a male and female nude, the male like a runner just breaking the tape, the female not only arched ahead as if thrust there by the force of his energy but also serving as his guide. Here is a superb Samson prying apart the jaws of a lion with his hands. The muscles of Samson flex and flex again to my imagining eye, and I think of certain sculptures of Michelangelo, Mestrovic or Milles. The knowledge of anatomy is similarly flawless. Here is a Carrara

marble of a girl's head. "She was one of my students," comments the sculptor. "She would not pose for more than a bust because she did not want the public to see her naked. I tried to explain the difference between the naked and the nude but without success." Here is a female water carrier with the grace of a doe. Then he turns to a statuette of a young girl seated and wistful. "I call this 'Nocturne.' Actually the model was a young and most attractive dancer." He pauses. "I have no idea whatever happened to her." I am studying 'Nocturne' to the point of memorization. The piece is so delicately done, so milkily toned, so entire. The marble is pure enough for me to see light through the shoulder of the girl. The sculptor is flipping through the rest of the pages. "It's all like music to me, you know. The stone must sing."

I know that he is descended from Rimsky-Korsakov on his mother's side, and for a moment the strain clearly shows. Still in a musical mood, he indicates an almost alive sculpture of a go-go dancer. He has caught the sway of the dancer subtly but unmistakably, the girl's long hair lifting to the movement of her body, the weight shifting to one leg, the arms raised like a runner's. Later I will read that this represents his contemporary period, which in turn has been classified apart from his religious and classical periods, which in their turn are separate from his portraits of such notables as Franklin D. Roosevelt, Rabindranath Tagore, Serge Prokofieff, Adlai Stevenson, Franz Liszt, Sergei Rachmaninoff and others, but for me the go-go dancer is really an embodiment of the same vision in a manner suited to the subject as seen, no more, no less. Why bother to categorize?

I can see that he is beginning to tire a bit. There are longer silences between his statements. He begins a subject and lets it drop. I also know that enough has passed between us for one visit. Later I will research the list of awards: Silver Medal in Russia, Gold Medal of the Sesquicentennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, Gold Medal at the Paris World's Fair, Elizabeth Watrous Gold Medal at the National Academy Exhibition, Lindsay Morris Memorial Prize, First Prize of the Meriden Connecticut Art Association, Daniel Chester French Prize at the Allied Artists of America, Silver Medal Grand National Prize, Gold Medal at the Allied Artists of America, Poulinow Prize, Allied Artists of America Gold Medal of Honor for Sculpture and numerous others. Later too I will note where some of his sculptures are housed in the United States and abroad. But that will be later.

Now it is sufficient for me to know that I have talked to a man whose dedication to his craft has kept him absolutely in the present tense. We both stand up, shake hands firmly, nod once more to Miss Gish in passing and stop in the doorway for a final quip. Gleb Derujinsky tells me that he is reading for the fourth time Washington Irving's *Tales of the Alhambra*. He picks up the small leather-bound edition and grasps it in one hand like a missal. A ribbon marks his place in mid-book. He tells me that some parts of the work are so beautiful to him that he can read for only short periods of time, the writing is that unbearable in its beauty. This seems to me the perfect place to take my leave so that I will remember as a last taste the verve of a man in his mid-eighties at dawn, talking with love about words, shapes, souls and memories. And meaning it.

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BOOKS

An opiate for conscience

Power and Innocence: A Search for the Sources of Violence

ROLLO MAY

Norton, $7.95

RONALD SAMPSON

In this book, 'power' is defined not as it is universally understood by men as the will to coerce another by violence or the threat of violence, viz. *dominatio*, but as the ability to affirm and assert oneself, to be someone, to be able, *posse*. Etymology does not permit Dr. May to redefine 'innocence' quite so deftly. He acknowledges therefore that innocence is the childlike clarity of a Jesus or St. Francis, but that he will concern himself with pseudo-innocence, viz. a refusal to recognize or confront the world's evil, a condition of arrested childishness. Since in reality power *(dominatio)* is the original source of evil and innocence the source of goodness, Dr. May's pseudo-definitions enable him to stand the moral universe on its head by arguing that power is good and 'innocence' is evil. The only possible purpose his book can achieve is to sow the widest possible moral confusion.

The book's sub-title is "A search for the sources of violence." 'Search' implies something recondite; one does not search for that which is under one's nose. Over the past decade, successive U.S. Administrations have forced large numbers of young men to go to Indochina where they have committed and were until recently still committing one of the most atrocious crimes in the history of the world. (Dr. May calls it "a disgraceful war.") This evil policy is easily the greatest single source of violence in the world today; and since nobody can violate the moral law with impunity, the American people will for generations continue to suffer its evil consequences. Not least is the burden of guilt weighing down upon those who support the war, wholly unmoved by the example of those heroic Americans who refused the draft and disobeyed the Government. People suffering from guilt but unwilling to acknowledge their responsibility, desperately seek reassurance and turn eagerly to whoever will offer them a painless pseudo-remedy for their moral disquiet. The only remedy is the truth, honestly acknowledged; but when the truth convicts us ourselves of immorality, it is the last thing we want to hear. Dr. May, a New York consultant psychiatrist, unfortunately has chosen to give the patient not what he needs, but what he wants—an opiate for his conscience.

Dr. May analyzes the levels of power potential, the kinds of power and the kinds of violence; and in each case discovers that there are five: a) the power to be, self-affirmation, self-assertion, aggression, violence; b) exploitative, manipulative, competitive, nutrient, and integrative; c) simple, calculated, fomented, absentee, and "from above." The purpose of these distinctions is to demonstrate that power and violence, instead of being subject to a blanket condemnation, are frequently salutary and good for us. Case studies from Dr. May's psychiatric couch are cited in order to illustrate that a major source of psychological disturbance and illness is the weakness and sense of powerlessness arising from a basic inability to esteem and affirm oneself. Apathy, impotence, blocked resentment are typical breeding grounds for delinquency, drug addiction and violence. This is

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true for groups as for individuals. When the blacks are through "the central crime of the white man"—a just phrase—denied the achievement of significance, violence inevitably ensues. The remedy is to enable everyone to feel power. Why cannot Dr. May say simply in plain English that the remedy for oppression is that the oppressor should get off his victim's back? He cannot, because his concern is to justify power. The vital distinction between a man's duty not to submit willingly to another's power and his duty not to assert his own will over another is never made.

Since the state of powerlessness is now recognized as painful, the fight is now on. Power is "up for grabs," he says. Blacks, Chicanos, women, students, mental patients, convicts are all striving to get it. Power is necessary, he asserts, in dealing with the sick, with children. Universities cannot be run without it. The influence of the teacher is only another form of power. Good power compensates for bad power. Every Babbitt in America will rejoice that "Many a businessman who exercises manipulative or competitive power at work takes on nutrient power when he comes home to his family." Violence itself, he urges, is full of unappreciated virtue, as when it resolves a tense situation by clearing the air. Only by "creative violence" can the submerged millions break free from their apathy and their colonial fetters. Since power is never defined as *dominatio*, it is never made plain that power can only be taken *by* someone by taking it *from* somebody else. But Dr. May does understand that those who have it will not give it up. "There are few, if any instances," he writes, "where a dominant group has given up its power willingly and freely; power has a way of burrowing in to stay." So if competition and striving for power are "back," as Dr. May exultantly affirms, we are clearly in for a war of all against all that will make Hobbes' state of nature look cosy in comparison.

Since powerlessness is very painful, he argues, one solution is to try to make a virtue of necessity. This is a condition of innocence, a refusal to face the reality of the world's evil. This pseudo-innocence is the cause of "creeping fascism," anti-intellectualism, the growth of violence, the law and order myth, structureless families and rootless children. The young, instead of facing up to the real evils, retreat into the "picayune," exemplified in their advocacy that we should not tread on insects or discard plastic. This reiterated phrase is meant to disparage youth's awakening reverence for life and ecological concern for our ravaged environment. Innocence, he acknowledges, does prick the conscience and is a thorn in the flesh of the world; but "we vaguely feel we are being exploited." This leads him to inquire how far innocence is used as a strategy of living by which the victim brings about his own victimization. Billy Budd's lack of a sense of suspicion or distrust was "a tragic flaw in his character," a need not to see, an inexcusable lack of responsibility for not anticipating Claggart's murderous reaction. Relying on one's own convictions and integrity alone is an "unreal purity," no longer acceptable in our world, let alone praiseworthy. The Billy Budd analysis is used analogically to cast doubt and mistrust over the authenticity of the motivation of the Kent State victims. In the depths of the human soul, there is no such thing as pure evil or pure good, he assures us. We have neglected the positive side of aggression. "Love-making and fighting are very similar neurophysiologically in human beings."

As aggression has been undervalued, so love's effectiveness is overestimated, ". . . the belief that 'God moves the world only by love' is a sentimentality." Jesus, it is true, when offered power over men by Satan, dismissed him. But if Jesus had advocated political power when the Roman army occupied the known world, he would only have got himself executed. Jesus' advocacy of love was, in other words, motivated by fear. Christianity is a religion for weaklings. To proscribe war games for children will produce violent adults. To condemn aggression as evil will underwrite the *status quo* and condemn the rebel too. War does erode individual responsibility and the autonomy of conscience. But men desire to avoid the burden of freedom as well as to seek it. The will to be good is another form

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if not now, later on."
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of pseudo-innocence. "Trying to be good all the time will make one not into an ethical giant but into a prig."

The book is morally twisted; false in its premises, tortuous in its reasoning, and disastrously false in its conclusions. The truth is very simple. Men have no right under any circumstances to kill or do violence or coerce others, and must suffer an evil will rather than themselves fall into sin.

Of Light and Sounding Brass

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Vanguard, $6.95

ANNE FREMANTLE

Dr. Yanovsky's second published novel, like his first, *No Man's Time,* subtly counterparts post-quantum physics with Christian theology: It is also a romantic love-story, and an exciting post-lapsarian adventure. Parts One and Two are, according to the author, interchangeable, since time is but a dimension of space. The love-story, between Master Kassian (later in life—but earlier in the book—demoted to "Kassianov") and Zora, ends in Part One with Zora, paralyzed from the waist down, and fed by Kassianov through her nose, dead among her pillows, looking like "a beetle in an old herbarium". In Part Two (or One) she is forever laughing, with golden, squinting "sand-colored eyes (the color of African lions)" as she and her fiancé, Master Kassian, journey across a desert to her grandfather's castle. The horse pulling their cart falls dead, and also symbolically, they arrive on foot, guided by a handsome peasant through "a narrow, stuffy gully, rather like a tunnel hewn in the rock . . . first they dove into bluish dusk, then into dark night, and finally the light of the waning day again glimmered ahead." They had come to Zora's village, an oasis of verdant trees, fruits, flowers, and friendly animals, created by a zigzagging, foaming river, surfacing there, but later "sucked back into a dark, narrow gorge" all the way to the sea. Zora's grandfather is (or was) a Bishop; he is also father, grandfather or ancestor of almost all the village children. He proves to be Master Kassian's father too, since Kassian's mother, fleeing the Tzar's police, had come to this village and there had briefly entered the Bishop's service.

The castle is huge and magnificent; the local *slivovitz* the best: in the past it had been sent to the Imperial tables of Vienna and Constantinople. Master Kassian, insulated by both the Bishop and Zora's father, Felix, moves to the inn, though his idyll with Zora continues. It is however, intercepted by deafening artillery and a hail of shrapnel. Now the village lies dead, petrified; a gray-green column of soldiers, followed by tanks and an armored car, enter; the Germans have returned. They are shabby, hungry, cruel: the villagers accept their invasion, as they have accepted countless earlier ones, sure that, as they put it, "We'll harness them." Zora's cousin Chako escapes to get help; The Germans take hostages, including Kassian. Some of the most interesting dialogues take place between Kassian and a German officer, and between Kassian and the Bishop: it is the Bishop who proves to be a greater villain than even the Germans.

Kassian is about to be executed; he is standing by the gallows with Father Nectarius, preparing to receive absolution, when an old-fashioned military plane circles above hangman and condemned, and blankets the *piazza* with "a healing, restoring, salvation-bringing round of machine-gun fire." The Germans, almost with "a feeling of relief, as if they had expected this development all along," flee. The village recovers, as, thanks to Zora, does Kassian; the priest alone lies dead. Zora and Kassian marry and migrate to Geneva, where Zora's seizures get worse. Kassian accepts a lucrative offer to work for an American scientific institution, hoping she might be cured in New York. She is not. Kassianov decides one morning to record on the blank pages of an old notebook "his participation, voluntary and involuntary, in the deadly sins". Not chronologically, "but rather according to an intrinsic relationship". This experiment, which takes him backwards and sideways through time "whose only guideline is entropy" makes up Part One (or Two).

Kassianov knows he is "murderer, adulterer, envier, inveterate hog"—and that goes for every one of us. Pascal's "two men in me" he feels as four: there are darling Vishnevsky, odious Nape, Kassianov, and plain "I." Greed he absolves himself of, since he prefers friends and alcohol to food; pride he acknowledges as directing his whole life;

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the envy he admits to is mostly envy of other's sexual success or opportunity. Lust seems to be his besetting sin—which is curious, as it seems not to have troubled him at all when he and Zora were in her village. Is that because perfect love casteth out lust? However that may be, Kassianov, while dutifully caring for his paralyzed wife, wenching the while, recalls, for the benefit of the now defunct Father Nectarius, every erection he has had since the age of four, and lists all his girls, including those he enjoyed two at a time, or two in one night (rather a flop, the second). He is keenly aware of the "past reason hunted . . . past reason hated" syndrome, yet, commuting daily to his Manhattan office, he cannot resist leering at every pretty girl, and enjoying the "total infinity of American female legs." Sloth bothers Kassianov little—he is no Oblomov. Avarice he doesn't mention—is there any mention of avarice in Russian literature? But it is of the eighth mortal sin, automatism, that Kassianov admits himself to be wholly guilty. He is clearly aware of his mechanicalness, and describes how, between the first and second lather shaving, when he finds his toothbrush wet and showing signs of toothpaste, he is terrified: "Why does this frighten me as if it were some horrid animalistic perversion?" he asks himself: "Who managed when, and by what means, to wash and comb himself in my presence, with my hands, but without my notice?" And so goes each day: "the letter is written, the envelope addressed, sealed, stamped and deposited in the mailbox; suddenly it hits you—did you put down the town, the street number? . . . Who started the engine and turned on the radio?" After trudging several blocks home, keys in left pocket, next day "he has no idea where he has parked the car."

Yet, while admitting himself to be "a stubborn and probably a stupid man" he resists the degenerative processes in himself, of aging and impotence. Finally, he dreams he is forgiven, and wakes, weeping for joy, to find his wife Zora has died.

Over and over again, in both parts of this novel, Kassian-Kassianov feels comforted because "matter is wave and particle, and not wave and not particle, and still something else". By analogy, "God can then be omnipotent as particle, all loving as wave, and there is still a third possibility." Or, as the Bishop puts it "a wave and a particle, and neither a wave nor a particle, and still something else, that does resemble the Holy Trinity—indivisible and unfusable." Since light consists of photons, each single one of which can be isolated and thrown onto a screen, but the course elected by it can never be foretold, then it follows that "these microscopic particles are free in their choice, and their life or path is in no manner predetermined." So, Kassianov concludes, we too have free will, since we too "are endowed with the characteristics of photons, electrons, neutrons; because basically we consist of these infinitely small corpuscles."

These "facts" which bring Dr. Yanovsky (born Russian Orthodox) to theology, led Nobel prize-winning Jacques Monod, (raised French Protestant) to the opposite conclusion: since everything is random, there is not even the remote possibility of a Creator.

Dr. Yanovsky thus raises for his readers the question as to whether the reason for the single proton's unpredictability is our ignorance of the antecedent laws which determine it, or its unique freedom? And other questions too, such as what is sin? and why do we run down, like water and watches, physically like Zora or spiritually like Kassian-Kassianov? Indeed, at whatever level this novel is read, as allegory or as adventure, it is concerned with absolutes: truth, freedom, guilt, time, suffering, redemption. The translation preserves the Russian flavor and also construction.

CORRECTION

In our Jan. 5 issue, a discussion by John Ratté of John M. Todd's newest book incorrectly gave its title as *Revolution.* The correct title is *Reformation* (Doubleday, $7.95).

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IN BRIEF

LITERATURE IN REVOLUTION, *ed. George Abbott White and Charles Newman, Holt, Rinehart, $12.95.* Happily, this *omnium gatherum* of recent literary articles is not yet another public flogging of poor Matthew Arnold and his successors, or a general trashing of the cultural mainstream, certain implications of its title notwithstanding. Indeed, most of those essays that offer readings of specific texts (some have a more theoretical bias, and still others are concerned directly with the postmodernism of the 1960s) are by design neither a- nor anti-historical, but instead, in the words of contributor Allen Grossman, discuss "the nature of poetry in relation to history, and particularly those moments in history when important social changes are taking place." The quality of work varies greatly (yes, there are parts of it that I would wish away), but at its best—as in Frederick Crews' super anatomizing of the New Left—is of signal importance. The book's size justifies its price, and its frequent provocativeness should delight many readers.

MARK TAYLOR

Michael Novak (Cont.)

the greatest debaters' moves of history: He defines *Nixon* as a liberal. The last one, at that. Nixon, the left-liberal.

Perhaps all American Catholics have inherited an odd angle of political vision. We grew up with hardly any models of intellectual-political discourse in America. Father Gillis? Father Ginder? We didn't share in the socialist tradition that is second nature to Irving Howe and many other New York Jewish intellectuals. We came late to the pragmatism of John Dewey and to the liberal pluralism, a kind of political ecumenism, which Dewey and Reinhold Niebuhr put together.

We were taught, conservative Wills as well as the rest of us, to reject the dense "communal side of life" as Wills calls it at the end of *Nixon Agonistes,* the "vast underside of American life," "the denseness of local conformism and dictated mores, the sources of authoritarian structure." "This side of life," Wills writes, "has not been understood, its energies made fruitful, its dangers realistically countered." We were, instead, indoctrinated into American individualism and the market place.

Wills did not advance his repossession of these areas in *Bare Ruined Choirs.* The weak theological gruel he put in the mouth of the Berrigans, calling it evangelical, he would have been the first to mock had Norman Vincent Peale uttered it. As for the thickness of Catholic tribal life, although he evinced nostalgia, he evinced as well a strange self-rejection, a distinct self-hatred, a resentment against his past he is quick to spot in others. At a certain point, the book embarrasses readers. It is not that Wills washed soiled linen in public; he soiled good linen, for unclear purposes.

Most Catholics in this society, perhaps, are marked with a certain resentment. It is our own version of an affliction widely shared. Rhetoric and wit, satire and mockery, are weapons both to hold the hatred away and to lightning-rod excesses of it onto others. One sees it in Moynihan, Buchanan, and Philips. One sees it in Sheed, one sees it in Wills, and anytime they speak of "liberals," one sees it in the Berrigans.

I see it in me.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 411)

What is perhaps the most widely ignored fact about psychotics, especially those with paranoid symptoms, is that a great many can function almost normally in areas outside their disturbance. Those who mastered an occupational or artistic skill in earlier years can usually retain and practice it after the symptoms appear. Commentators on Pound seem not really to accept the diagnosis of the four psychiatrists who pronounced him paranoid in 1945 because it is known that he continued to write after incarceration in a government mental hospital. A similar obliquity is evident among enthusiasts for other distinguished writers with psychotic symptoms such as Martin Luther, J. J. Rousseau, Nietzsche and Ruskin.

H. D. RIX

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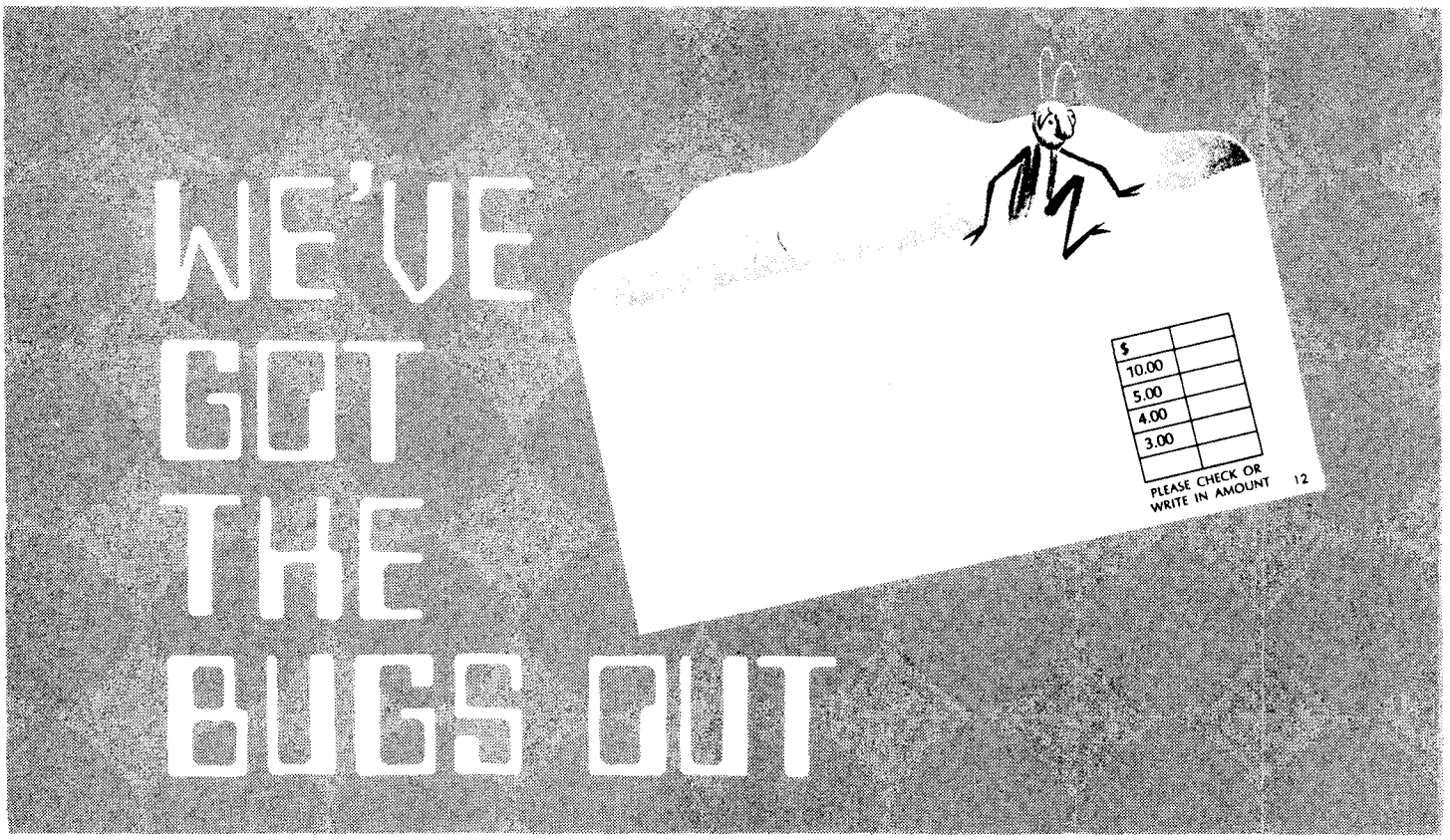

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